

John Mark McMillan - Carbon Ribs

Tom: C

A Thousand pairs of firey eyes
Burn like a serpent down the hwy
As the Long amber tail to Los Angeles unwinds
I've got resurrection down in side my skin
But for all my revealing
I just cant make sense
Of this gravity we're in

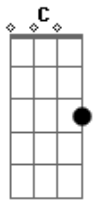
Cause I'm a dead man now with a ghost who lives
Within the confines of these carbon ribs
And one day when I'm free
I will sit

The cripple at your table
The cripple by your side
A thousand miles of pain I'm sure
Led you to the threshold of my hearts screen door
To tell me what it is I'm dying for
Gravity comes like a cold cold rain
To lead me to the rope again
But someone is standing in my place

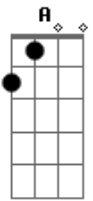
Cause I'm a dead man now with a ghost who lives
Within the confines of these carbon ribs
And one day when I'm free I will sit
The cripple at your table
The cripple by your side

And I sit beside you
And I sit beside you

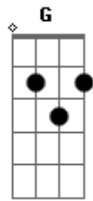
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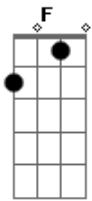
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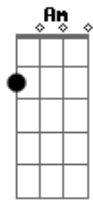
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